

# *American Fighting Men Speak Out*



*Photo by Ehrlich.*

Marine Private Terrell Tennant, Guadalcanal veteran, stationed at the University of California, is shown as he met Sgt. Ben Kuroki in Berkeley, California, February 9, 1944.

"The American Legion has pledged its confidence in and its full support of our army and navy. Numerous persons of Japanese ancestry are now serving with the armed forces of our country on the battle fronts, and according to all reports, are serving valiantly and well.

"We salute all men and women who love this country enough to fight and, if needs be, die for it. Every person good enough to fight for us is entitled to our respect and equal protection under the constitution."

. . . Commander Wm. P. Haughton (Dept. of Calif.)  
California Legionnaire, February 15, 1944.

Excerpts from an Address before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, California, February 4, 1944, by Sergeant Ben Kuroki, U. S. Army Air Force, a Japanese-American turret gunner in a B-24 Liberator bomber, a veteran of the "Battle of Ploesti," winner of two Distinguished Flying Crosses and wearer of the Air Medal with four oak-leaf clusters, and at present awaiting assignment to duty in the South Pacific:

"Under fire, a man's ancestry, what he did before the war, or even present rank, don't matter at all. You're fighting as a team—that's the only way a bomber crew can fight—you're fighting for each other's life and for your country, and whether you realize it at the time or not, you're living and proving democracy . . . "The tunnel gunner that helped me . . . was Jewish, I'm a Japanese-American, the bombardier of our crew was a German, the left Waist gunner was an Irishman. Later I flew with an American Indian pilot and a Polish tunnel gunner. What difference did it make? We had a job to do, and we did it with a kind of comradeship that was the finest thing in the world."



Statements made by Marine Private Terrell Tennant, Guadalcanal veteran, after an interview with Sgt. Ben Kuroki at the University of California at Berkeley, February 9, 1944.

"The thing that I felt and that a lot of the boys feel when they come back from the Pacific area is disgust at the attitude of the man on the street. He assumes that he knows what we are thinking and feeling. He tells us that because we have been taught to hate the Japanese we are fighting, we naturally will hate every Japanese . . . "That assumption is erroneous . . . Of course there are exceptions, but often a feeling of having been let down arises when we come back home and find that the things we are fighting against over there are believed and expounded in our own country . . . "Sergeant Kuroki is doing a great job. He is fighting both the battles in which we are engaged and so are thousands of other Japanese-Americans. The man on the street owes them a debt—a debt that could be partially paid by honest acceptance of them and their families."

. . . DAILY CALIFORNIAN, February 10, 1944.

# *American Fighting Men Speak Out*



TIME MAGAZINE, December 27, 1943.

San Diego, California.

Sirs:

As a U. S. Marine, I am not in the habit of begging anyone for anything, but there is one thing I will beg for. I beg my fellow citizens to give the loyal Japanese-Americans their God-given right to the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness that, I sincerely hope, is guaranteed by our Constitution.

I landed on Guadalcanal in August 1942, and have as much dislike for Japanese militarism as anyone, but please, let's give these fellows a chance. How about it, Americans?

*Serviceman's name withheld.*

*Reprinted with permission of TIME MAGAZINE.*



U. S. Marine Corps,  
Somewhere in the South Pacific.  
February 16, 1944.

Dear Mrs. T . . . . .

. . . I have worked with Americans of Japanese ancestry at home and in battle here in the Pacific, and they are indeed doing a wonderful job. Out here where the war is right in front the prejudices that one hears so much about are absent. It makes a fellow feel pretty bad to see some people at home trying to destroy the very thing that we are fighting to maintain.

I only wish there were some way to make the voices of the fellows out here heard . . .

I remain,  
Very sincerely yours,  
GLENN ABBOTT  
Staff Sergeant, U. S. M. C.

Corporal,  
Co. D, 100th Inf. Bn.,  
Somewhere in Italy,  
November 11, 1943.

Dear Family:

I hate to say this to you, but I guess I'll have to anyway. I am now wounded and am well taken care of in a hospital, but I am not in bad shape. What happened was that . . . shrapnel imbedded itself under my skin—severe but not serious. Why I'll be up again in no time flat so please don't worry.

Hope you are getting along very well. Give my sincerest regards to all.

May God bless you—

Love,

*Japanese-American serviceman's name withheld.*

(Recipient of Purple Heart award)



Co. A, 100th Inf. Bn.,  
Somewhere in Italy,  
November 20, 1943.

Dear Mr. D . . . .

I've been very busy and haven't had time to write any letters until today. Censorship regulations have been relaxed to the extent that we can write of our battle experiences but I'd rather not talk about them. The enemy has thrown everything it has against us, artillery, mortars, multi-barreled "screaming meemies," machine guns, machine pistols, rifles, grenades, mines, booby traps, and aerial bombing and it's hell. I'm one of the lucky ones who haven't been even scratched although I've my share of close calls.

It's autumn now and the leaves are turning yellow and red. It's cool during the day and cold at night. To make things worse it's been raining now for six straight days. Fortunately we are having a sort of rest period and we have our tents and blankets with us. I feel sorry for the men at the front who have no tents and have to stay in water-filled trenches and fox holes because of the enemy fire although our turn will again come soon enough. Snow can be seen on some of the mountains to our front.

Even when the weather was mild we had little opportunity

to bathe or wash our clothes. We can't bathe for weeks at a time and now that it's cold it'll be worse. I'm wearing the same clothes I wore in North Africa and I've had them washed only about two times since—once by a little Italian signorina.

I've picked up a little Italian—it's surprising how much one can pick up by talking to an Italian who doesn't speak a word of English. I can count and tell time in Italian . . .

A Merry Christmas to you and please extend my regards and greetings to any of our mutual friends that you may meet.

Yours truly,  
YOSHIHARU NISHIDA,  
Staff Sergeant, U. S. Army



U. S. Army,  
Somewhere in the  
Hawaiian Islands,  
December 5, 1943.

Dear Assemblyman . . . .

. . . Before I continue, I want to let you know that I am an American-Chinese, born in California, educated in California schools and firmly believe in American institutions.

I have been in the Army nearly three years. I was in the Battle of Attu and am now somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands.

To read your narrow-minded race hating campaign was a shock. This is a democracy. It is people like you who are leading the way to fascism—the very thing millions of people are fighting.

The opinion you expressed that returning soldiers and marines would slit the throats of Japanese if they were to be seen on the streets of California is utterly ridiculous.

Here in Hawaii the Japanese are everywhere. They are even permitted in army camps. In town, thousands of servicemen, men who have fought the Japanese, mingle freely with them. Not once—and this is important—have I seen or heard of any incident of fist fighting or throat-slitting. Here, if anywhere, bitterness against the Japanese should be at its height. Yet there is only tolerance and benignity.

We in this company have seen the horrors of war and the sufferings of humanity. We have seen violent death come to both Americans and Japanese. I have heard my buddies—Americans



all—express time and time again, while gazing upon the dead, that they hope there will never be another war after this one is over. Yet how can (this) be if we have race-baiting fascists fomenting hatred at home.

From remarks of my friends, it appears that only men who have fought Japanese will be able to save Constitutional Americanism in California and to preserve decent democracy in the country.

Sincerely,  
WILLIAM LEUNG,  
Sergeant, U. S. Army



U. S. Marines,  
Somewhere in the Southwest  
Pacific,  
January 28, 1944.

Dear Mrs. T . . . .

. . . My first eleven years of public school were spent in Auburn, (Washington) Kent's rival city. Some of my best friends were Japanese. I wouldn't be surprised if some were fighting now in Italy. The only fault I found with them was that they studied so industriously that they put many of us to shame and often finished school with highest honors.

Of course, there were and are unpatriotic Japanese. These are criminals and should be treated as such. As such they have been singled out by the F. B. I. There also were and are pro-Axis white people in America, even in Los Angeles . . . They, too, have been placed under surveillance by Hoover's men when apprehended.

I wonder how the two totals would tally up. Yet no one is advocating the denial of constitutional rights to the white citizenry—legally—. At least we haven't heard of it. —if they are, by the living God that made us, there'll be blood on the moon when we come back. . . .

Yours sincerely,  
ROBERT A. SMITH  
Lieutenant, U. S. M. C.

Excerpts From a Letter From An American Soldier to His Wife

U. S. Army 100th Bn.,  
Somewhere in Italy,  
December 24, 1943.

Dear . . . .

. . . In spite of our position far away from home we are trying to observe this day. We have two Christmas trees which Kenichi Kimura decorated. They look beautiful. . . . The boys are all sitting up in their tents and singing—making merry under tiny candle light. It is certainly the greatest spirit of the Army—the spirit that will carry them through hell or high water.

I just returned from a little officers' Christmas get-together. It was great because the men in the front line possess something only they themselves can explain. It was a terrific spirit. It is the American democratic spirit—free thinking.

Tomorrow three officers from our outfit will be promoted by General Clark, and out of the three it's going to be Lieutenants Fukuda and Henry Kawano for battle field promotion.

I am hoping that some day I can sit with Carol in my arms, Frankie and Jimmie on the side, and you right next to me, and tell you the great spirit of the American Army on the front line.

Our Chaplain, who is a very energetic, hard-working, and understanding man, has formed a little carol singing choir for us. Jun was in it. It is great—this Christmas spirit.

The ones who are here are those, and only those, who understand World War II. I cannot speak for the South Pacific, but yesterday I received a letter from Eddie Mitsukado from India. That means we have men all over the world working in the Armed Forces.

*Japanese-American serviceman's name withheld.*

Co. D, Section 31,  
1551 St. Service Unit,  
Bloomington, Indiana,  
December 23, 1943.

Fresno State Alumni Association,  
Fresno State College, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I read the article which was entitled "Races" and appeared in the December 20, 1943, issue of Time Magazine and I felt that there were a few things that must be said.

I, along with many other servicemen here, was filled with horror as together we read of the activities of the professional flag-waving, super-duper patriots and other home-grown Nazis. It seems that in our absence these men are taking over and attempting to destroy the high ideals we are fighting for. Strangely enough they claim to do this in the name of patriotism and anyone of those few brave and clear-minded individuals who has the guts to defy them is promptly labeled a "Communist" be they Republican or Democrat. . . .

We servicemen—those who are across and those of us who are preparing to go across—do not intend to fight this war only to lose the peace. The current anti-Japanese-American agitation now being sponsored by . . . and other armchair purveyors of hate is regarded with disgust and horror . . .

Cpl. Sekiya's letter in Volume 2, No. 1, of the Loyal Stater was proof of the things we have long believed, that our comrades in arms of Japanese extraction are fighting for the same ideals and principles that we are. . . . You can imagine how we admire the men who are trying to drive them and their families *permanently* from their homes. There is nothing so valuable to a soldier as his home and his family. We believe that our Japanese-American comrades-in-arms are getting the dirtiest deal ever perpetrated on an American soldier. What other group of real patriots has fought so loyally and gallantly for our country and its great ideals, while at home they are being systematically knifed in the back? When have any so cheerfully gone to battle and so bravely made even the supreme sacrifice and received so little gratitude at the hands of their fellow citizens. . . .



Americans stand on trial before the world. We must prove to the world that we do believe in the ideals we preach. Every time there is a race riot, fuel is added to the enemy propaganda machine. The State of California and the city of Fresno owes a debt to our Japanese-American citizens in the service who are paying the price of our common freedom with their lives . . . Fresno owes these soldiers a monument and not a stab in the back!

I hope you will forgive me for "blowing my top" in this manner, but I, too, look forward to coming back, and when I come back, I shall look forward to meeting my Japanese-American friends of school days at F. S. C. on the streets of Fresno as they go happily about their tasks as honored and respected citizens. I don't want to see their homes broken up and destroyed any more than I would want to have it happen to my own. I want those boys to know that we other servicemen will back them up in seeing that justice is done.

Sincerely,

Cadet S. W. W. — Fresno State Alumnus



All Nisei Unit, 442nd Inf.,  
Camp Shelby, Miss.,  
November 20, 1943.

Dear Dad:

Thanks a million for your very nice, heartwarming letter. To tell you the truth, it was the best letter I've ever received in all my life. Before I forget, please tell Mom to write to me as I miss her very much. She could write to me in Japanese if it is easier for her. I'll probably have some trouble in reading it, but I could ask one of my friends who is studying Japanese to help me out. . . .

Every morning the band wakes us up around 6:30 A. M. with a very tuneful march. You know, Dad, how much I liked music and I guess I'll always enjoy it as long as I live. Well, it almost tempts me into joining up with the infantry band but I figure it wouldn't do me much good overseas. I want to help the boys the best I can, so I'm going to be or try my durn best to become a tough, well-trained first aid man. I want to be right up in the

front with my buddies so I can help them whenever they need me. . . .

November 20, 1943.

This Sunday I almost had K. P. duty but finally talked my way out of it. It would have been my third Sunday detail if I worked today. K. P. isn't bad on week days but on Sunday, No, Sir! . . .

This morning I went to church and Chaplain Yamada from Hawaii was the speaker. This infantry outfit has three chaplains now. The other two are Chaplains West and Higuchi. Chaplain Yamada spoke about the true meaning of Thanksgiving. Boy, I sure had a lot to be thankful for, Dad. Thanks a million for understanding my volunteering into the army. Boy, I sure tried like hell to make you understand how I felt towards volunteering. . . .

No, Dad, I won't be coming home this Thanksgiving or Christmas as I haven't finished my basic training. Sure wish I could be there to enjoy Christmas Holidays. But don't worry, I'm coming home on the first furlough I get. So, until that day comes, I'll always be thinking of you folks.

Again I want to thank you both, you and Mom, for understanding the way I feel. It just makes me feel glad all over when I say: "Sure, my folks are backing me up 100 percent and more with all their love." Some of the fellas aren't as lucky as I am because their folks have gone to Tule Lake. But just the same they are training just as hard as anybody else and more.

Well, it's time for chow so I'll close this letter. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your loving son,  
WALTON



S/Sgt. Co. D, 100th Inf. Bn.,  
Somewhere in Italy,  
November 23, 1943.

Dear Mr. H . . . . .

This past week our men have been resting and catching up with letters after a tough battle in which we engaged numerous

German counterattacks. Rain and cold made it all the tougher, but we survived with relatively few casualties. Your letter of October 6 brought me closer to Hawaii, and I thank you for your moral support. Captain . . . read your letter and he said he had already written to you. He is doing great work and has the respect of all the men. Yes, the 100 Inf. Bn. is now a battle tested outfit, and I am proud to be a part of it. We have a great task yet to be won, and I know we will help win this war 'till the end.

Today, volunteers for blood donors were asked, and realizing the great need for blood and plasma, the men in my platoon volunteered 100 percent except for one man, though willing, was not strong enough. We know the great need for plasma as many of our comrades have bled to death and ask those at home to keep supplying, not only food and ammunition, but blood so that many may be saved.

May you and the good people of Hawaii enjoy a Merry Christmas with a little thought and prayer for us and all those who are away from home.

May God bless you all.

Truly yours,

*Japanese-American serviceman's name withheld.*



SACRAMENTO BEE (Letters to the Editor)  
January 14, 1944.

U. S. Army,  
Hawaiian Islands.

Editor of The Bee

Dear Sir:

It was with quite a bit of concern that I read the December 20th issue of Time and noted therein an article describing witch hunts against loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry. . . . TIME quotes . . . as stating: "We have been told it would be unhealthy for Japanese—even American-born—to be seen on California

streets, and that returning Marines and soldiers would slit their throats." . . .

I believe I can express the attitude of the soldiers who have met the Japanese in combat. I was with the men who froze under fire for 21 days on the bleak snow-covered slopes of Attu. There we saw our best friends killed in a maniacal demonstration of Japanese fanaticism. No one can accuse us of being soft hearted toward the Japanese. The demands of battle develop an impersonal outlook on the subject of death to an enemy.

On the other hand battle gives one a balance of outlook, which from the Time account, is entirely lacking in certain Japanese baiting circles. We have gone into battle with loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry and they have acquitted themselves with honor and glory. Imagine the risk such a man takes when he volunteers and joins the army. Not only must he be careful of enemy fire, but he must take caution that he is not mistaken by his own troops as an enemy. We soldiers glory in the fact that these Japanese boys are with us giving their full measure of devotion, while their brothers and sisters, in some instances, are in relocation camps.

Have no fear that returning soldiers would desire to slit the throats of loyal Japanese at home. Such a threat is only for those who do not know; for those whose courage has not been tested and seek refuge in pompous phrases. . . .

It is not the returning soldier who will wish to torment and hound the loyal American-Japanese. We'll do our fighting on the battlefields against our country's enemies, and not on the streets at home against our country's friends.

If there is a problem with disloyal Japanese at home (and from all accounts in The Bee, there is), quietly take the necessary steps and quell them and oust any incompetent administrators. But leave the United States the kind of a place we are fighting to keep it. Go after the disloyal Japanese; . . . but do it the American way. . . .

RALPH T. LUI,  
Captain, U. S. Army

Captain, 100th Inf. Bn.,  
Somewhere in Italy,  
October 30, 1943.

Dear M . . . .

By this time, it is known that we are in Italy with the overseas forces on the offense and if you will follow the papers closely, there will be news of the boys from time to time. We asked for it and we are getting it. Our enemies are clever fighters and trained to the gills, but the boys are not winching an inch and (are) carrying on like Trojans. However, as you know we have not been without our casualties and deaths. The morale of the boys (is) great, and the thought that you and the people back there are with them, in thoughts and actions have certainly aided immensely . . . their fighting spirit. . . . Please carry on for the boys.

*Japanese-American serviceman's name withheld.*



TIME MAGAZINE, January 10, 1944.

March Field, Calif.

Sirs:

Pfc. Raymond Borchers' letter and your story "Inquisition in Los Angeles" (Time, Dec. 20) point up one of the things that has been worrying me as I get ready to take a trip.

I think I have a right to expect that the fundamental human rights which are held up as a banner for us now are still in existence when I get back. The emotional, hateful racial prejudice shown by certain Californians against anyone with yellow skin who can be called "Jap" certainly helps tear down the Constitution of our country not only for loyal Americans of Japanese descent, but for all loyal Americans.

If California succeeds in passing a law excluding all persons of Japanese descent, there is nothing which would stop any state from passing a law excluding all New Yorkers who wear glasses (like me) or all Baptists with Swedish names, or all people by the name of—say Hearst, or Chandler.

They say many of us don't know what we're fighting for now; you keep up the good work and we'll know right well what we have to fight for, and against, when we get back.

WADSWORTH LIKELY,  
Sergeant

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Captain, Co. D, 100th Inf. Bn.,  
Somewhere in Italy,  
November 12, 1943.

Dear M . . . .

It's about time to write a few lines to you people back there about the program of the 100th. Newspaper accounts probably have given you people more information than censored letter (s) can. Suffice for me to say the boys are doing a gallant job. We have come over 12,000 miles to prove we're loyal—the proof in terms of human lives and human blood. Our only regret is that we could not or were not given the opportunity to prove our loyalty in the Southwest Pacific where our most hated enemy lies. . . .

I know that the sacrifices we make here may be adequate proof, but the question of our loyalty to our country could have been settled for all time, if we sacrificed our men on the battlefields of the South Pacific. Then no rabid race hater can say: "How do we know whether these boys will fight soldiers from the land of both of their parents?"

Everyone who sits in his foxhole here waiting for the day when this will be all over regrets that if he were to make sacrifices, why couldn't he have made them in the South Pacific fighting the Japs.

Well, that is fate. We'll do our best. Everyone at home must have the strength and courage to bear the news for all of it will not be good. Thanks to the Lord above, I'm still kicking around.

Take good care of yourselves.

*Japanese-American serviceman's name withheld.*



Captain,  
Co. D, 100th Inf. Bn.,  
Somewhere in Africa,  
December 30, 1943.

Dear . . . .

Just two days and it will be 1944. It leaves me with a rather queer feeling to be welcoming the New Year at a base hospital here in North Africa, but the Grim Reaper has prescribed that I so spend my time. Never realized throughout my period of training that I would be spending my time in bed in (a) hospital like this. . . . The German machine gun bullet that knocked me went right through my back, missing my spine and my lungs. Just an inch either way and I would have been just a cross with other crosses on the Italian landscape where future tourists can pause and stand in reverence during their travel. I'm able to walk around now, but it will take some time before I can return to the front. . . . Sometimes I feel as though I've let the boys down, but when you get hit you stay hit—that's all there is to it. . . .

In one of the field hospitals, I had just come out of the operation and (was) suffering like anyone would from my wound. Then another of our boys who had just come out heard my voice and in a hysterical voice called out to me a few cots away: "Captain . . . ! Captain . . . ! What am I going to do now? What am I going to do now? They cut my hand off. I can't go home to Hawaii now."

There in all my pain and agony I had to answer him, to soothe and console him, to tell him that adequate agencies will be set up at home to take care of them when they return there, to help get readjusted to island life. I hope that that is so.

(We) who have seen so (much) pray and hope that you people will be able to take care of them when they return. It's going to be a difficult task but I'm sure you'll all be able to do something for these boys who need faith and confidence in their start in life again with permanent handicaps.

I've written enough. We'll be carrying on here in 1944 doing

our best. I know you people will be able to take care of the home front. My regards to the rest of your group.

Sincerely,

*Japanese-American serviceman's name withheld.*



All-Nisei Unit, 442nd Inf.,  
Camp Shelby, Miss.,  
Sunday, February 1944.

Dear . . . .

. . . In our hutment is a boy from Boston.—and my, an English accent. I say, surprising, isn't it?—why?

We're from all over. I've met them from Florida, (with a southern drawl) New Mexico, and California, Oregon and Washington, and, of course, New York, Indiana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, and Arizona. Michigan and Illinois. Should I go on, New Jersey, Texas, Nebraska (impressing, isn't it?) Connecticut, Long Island, Washington, D. C., and Alaska are represented, and from the eight of the Hawaiian Islands.—America. Americans with their own provincial ways.

In spite of it all, the carefree, serious, intellectuals, the simple, the roughnecks, all have in back of their heads their reason for having volunteered, idealism, or their future, or all. . . .

. . . I remain,  
EDDIE



TIME MAGAZINE, February 14, 1944.

Moore General Hospital,  
Swannanoa, N. C.

Sirs:

There are a lot of people in these United States who have nothing but a one-track mind. In some of the articles of your

Letters to the Editors (Time, Jan. 17) I saw some of these people in (a) true light.

I just came from Italy where I was assigned to the Japanese 100th Infantry Battalion. I never in my life saw any more of a true American than they are. To these people who don't have any military rank, probably don't even know that these little "yellow-bellies" (as one writer wrote) are saving his skin: I only wish that these people could witness these little "yellow-bellies" fight.

Ask anyone who has seen them in action against the Jerry (to) tell you about them. They'll tell you when they have them on their flanks they are sure of security in that section. . . .

They, my friends, are not the little "yellow-bellies"; you are.

E. D. CHASSE,  
2nd Lieutenant

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Co. C, Sch. Bn.,  
Baks "E"  
Camp Savage, Minn.

Dear Professor . . . .

As one "GI" Nisei soldier in uniform about to be shipped anywhere between Burma and the Aleutians, I wish to express my heartwarmest thanks for the stand that you took on the behalf of the Japanese-American soldiers . . . .

Our path has not been an easy one to tread. The moments of bitterness, frustrations and disappointments have been many.

However, to such people as you, we say "thanks," for it is with the fervent faith that the Americanism of the Niseis will not be questioned nor doubted in the post-war period that we carry on.

Thanking you, again, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Corporal, U. S. Army

*Japanese-American serviceman's name withheld.*

Camp Carson,  
Colorado.

Sirs:

We are just back from overseas where we were trying to preserve democracy for the very same people who say the Nisei should be deported.

I was bodyguard to an American of Japanese descent who was risking his life to act as an interpreter for us. He was a target for both Jap and American bullets. . . .

I wish to God that some of the people at home who say: "Democracy is for the white race only" could be made to go out and fight for it.

*Serviceman's name withheld.*

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Excerpts from an Address by Sergeant Ben Kuroki, U. S. Army Air Forces, Commonwealth Club, San Francisco, California, February 4, 1944:

"I had thought that after Ploesti and 29 other missions so rough it was just short of a miracle I got through them, I wouldn't have to fight for acceptance among my own people all over again.

"In most cases, I don't, and to those few who help breed fascism in America by spreading such prejudice, I can only reply in the words of the Japanese-American creed: 'Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know that such persons are not representative of the majority of the American people.'

"The people who wrote that creed are the thousands of Japanese-Americans whom certain groups want deported immediately. These Japanese-Americans have spent their lives proving their loyalty to the United States, as their sons and brothers are proving it now on the bloody battlefields of Italy. It is for them, in the solemn hope that they will be treated justly rather than with hysterical passion, that I speak today."



